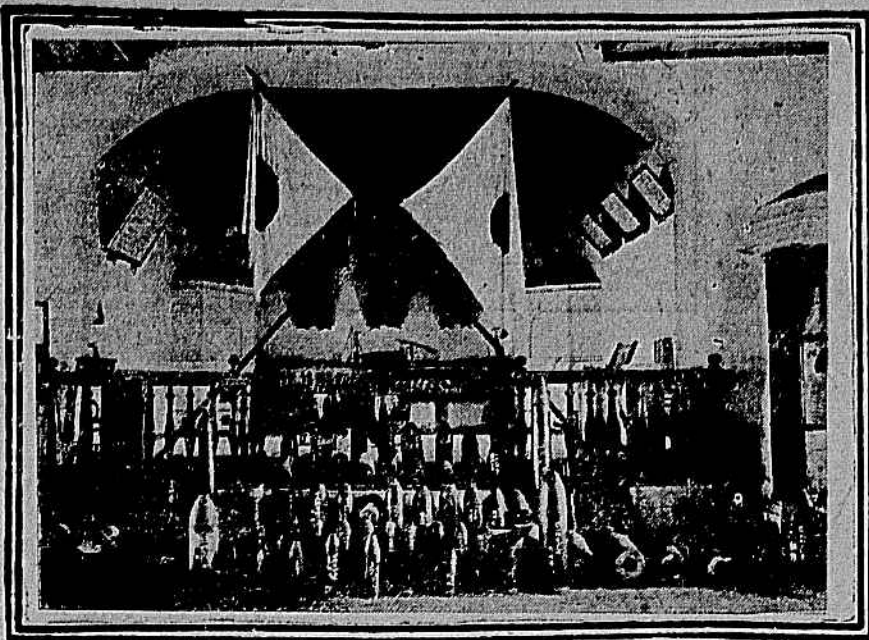
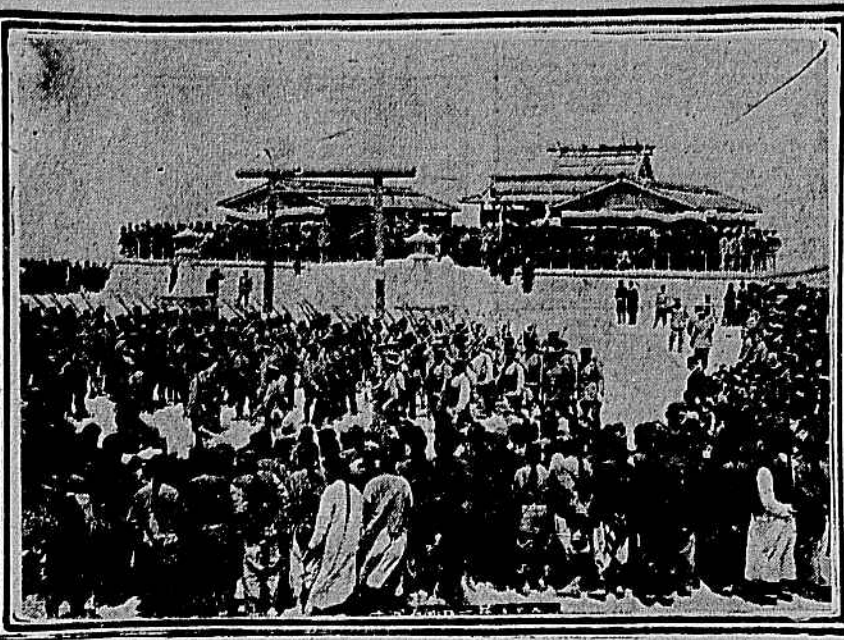


Port Arthur in 1909; Great Monument Which the Japanese Are Erecting in Honor of Their Dead; Where 22,000 Are Entombed



These Japanese flags were made by the Russians to deceive their enemies and draw them near their guns.



Scene at the dedication of the Shinto Shrine, under which 22,000 Japanese, killed at Port Arthur, lie.



IN ONE OF THE RUINED FORTS.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.
Port Arthur, Manchuria, 1909.
Spent this morning on Quail Hill, where the Japanese are erecting a memorial in honor of their heroes who died at Port Arthur. This hill is a saddle-shaped elevation which rises to a height of a thousand or more feet out of the arena of the amphitheatre in which Port Arthur is located. It faces the narrow entrance to the harbor where the Japanese and Russian gunboats showered shells upon one another, and about it may be seen the hills forming the rim of the amphitheatre upon which were the fortifications taken off by one by the Japanese during the siege.

Quail Hill from now on will be called Monument Hill. It is a fitting site to mark the glorious victory of the soldiers of the mikado. It overlooks Golden Hill and the Tiger's Tail, which with their fortifications protect the harbor entrance, and it is the first elevation to be seen coming in from the sea.

It is right upon its top that the monument is now going up. A great temple of silver granite, it will be about 300 feet high and will cost almost \$200,000. The stone for it is coming by the shipload from Shimoda, Japan, and hundreds of huge granite blocks are now scattered about the harbor and at the foot of the hill. Many of them are as large as a library table, and not a few weigh several tons each. A cable road has been constructed from the harbor to the site of the monument, and a steam engine draws up the blocks on low cars.

The monument is already about one-third completed. The pedestal has been finished and the first series of ionic columns erected. The scaffolding about the structure can be seen for miles around Port Arthur, and the monument will command both land and sea. When I visited it to-day 200 Chinese masons were chiseling at the stones and the great blocks were rapidly rising into place. The work is being done by the Manchurian-Chinese, under Japanese officers.

I have visited the world's most famous monuments, from the mighty shaft to Washington which rises from the base of the Potomac in our own capital city and the great sarcophagus of Napoleon in Paris, to the gigantic boulders on the Rhodanese hills, which mark the grave of old Rhodan, but I have seen nothing so impressive as this. At one of the mighty elevations stands the monument, and at the other end, perhaps 500 feet distant, is a Shinto shrine of this same silver granite, under which lie the bones of more than 22,000 Japanese heroes who were killed at Port Arthur. The platform upon which the shrine stands is reached through a great copper bronze torii; and at each side of the latter is a granite lantern, like those one sees at Nikko and about the

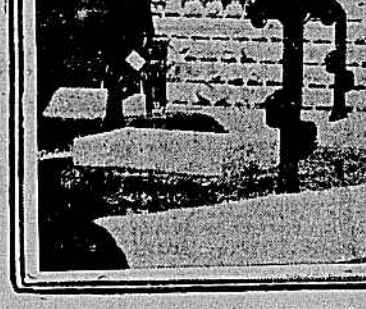
others shrines of Japan. The stone platform must be more than 100 feet square, although the shrine itself is comparatively small. These two monuments cover the whole top of the hill. They are reached by military roads, which wind their way up the mountain, and also by steps for foot passengers.

The battlefields of Port Arthur. Come with me to the foot of the monument and take a bird's-eye view of the battlefields of Port Arthur, as they lie here in this quiet year of our Lord, 1909. We are right in the midst of the amphitheatre in which, for eight months, day and night, went on the greatest gladiatorial show the world has yet known. Just under us is the harbor which was filled with the Russian gunboats; and on its shores are the old and new towns which were occupied by the soldiers during the siege. On that sea, outside, lay the blockading Japanese squadron sending its shrieking shells at the ships and the city. On the hills all about us were Russian soldiers, and on their opposite sides, the Japanese armies, crawling and plowing and tunneling their way to the forts. The story of how, inch by inch, every bit of the ground was fought over and how at last, Japan was successful in her campaign, is told in the books which you may find in to-day in the books describing the war. I doubt, however, whether any such story can show the real wonders of the defense and attack; the heroism of both sides of troops.

The country about here is much like the bare hills of Montana or Colorado. It is dry and thirsty. There is no vegetation except scanty grass, with here and there a bit of scrub oak. The fighting was all in to repair them, and the fortifications had to be thrown up out of rock, gravel and disintegrated stone. The tunnels, made by the Japanese, were not through earth, but through rock, and in undermining the forts they could go but a few feet a day. Nevertheless, while overlooking these hills one sees scores of miles of such trenches. The work on the great bankments reminds you of the great Chinese wall, and the hundreds of miles and more of military roads which the Russians built to reach their various fortifications impress one with the vast sums which they spent, all in vain. Their forts were of concrete, reinforced with iron, and they embrace a circle of more than ten miles. They made Port Arthur the strongest fortress ever besieged.

To-day all of the forts erected for land defense are in ruins. The Japanese do not intend to repair them, and the only work they are doing is upon those facing the sea. They have added to and strengthened the fortresses on Golden Hill and the Tiger's Tail, and they prohibit strangers from visiting the battlefields along the coast. As to the other parts of Port Arthur one may go anywhere, provided he

leaves his camera at home. There are scores of droschies which were brought in by the Russians, and are now owned by Chinese. These are hauled by little Manchurian ponies, and they will take you all over the country at 25 cents an hour or for a little more than \$2 a day.



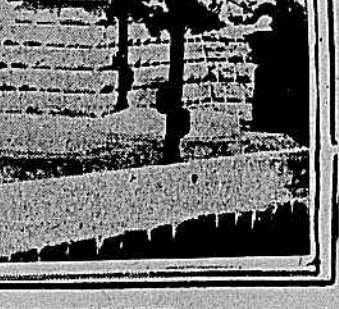
JAPAN'S MONUMENT TO RUSSIAN DEAD.

used on land and sea. These are accented from shells as big as a bushel basket, which would blow up a ship at sea or destroy a company or a regiment upon land.

The museum has every kind of shell, from some as high as one's shoulder down to little fellows the size of your finger. It has Japanese flags which the Russians used to entice their enemies within reach of their guns, and a Japanese kite which they used to test the wind before sending up their balloons. It has pieces of silk which they employed during the latter part of the siege to make sandbags, and steel picks of all kinds, from new ones fresh from the stores down to some which are worn to the length of one's thumb by digging the rocks in the fort tunnels.

Hand-to-hand fighting. Much of the fighting was hand to hand, in tunneling into the forts. The Japanese and the Russians were often close to one another, and they remained so for days, separated only by ramparts of sandbags. As I looked at one of the forts a Japanese officer pointed out a tunnel in which, he said, he had fought for several days with his fellows, the Russians being on the other side of the wall, so close that the troops could hear one another talk. Said the officer:

"We joked with each other, using one of our men as an interpreter, and we even passed brandy and tobacco over the sandbags."



was beautifully framed. Prince Ito ordered it placed on a chair facing us, so that our ex-President seemed to be a part of the interview.

A Boom City Busted. The Port Arthur of to-day makes me think of one of the inland towns of our great West after its boom has exploded. Just before the war began the Russians were preparing to make it one of the finest cities of Asia. They had erected enormous buildings for their officials and were putting up residences to correspond. Merchants and other private citizens were doing likewise. New structures were going up everywhere, and houses of fifty and sixty rooms were being erected. In the new town, which formed the Russian residential section, a dozen or so of such buildings, with the scaffolding about them, are still to be seen. Some are finished to the roofs and others to the first floors only. They have not been touched since the war, and are going to ruin.

Such residences as were completed can now be rented for a few dollars a month. Just opposite my hotel stands a brick house of three stories which contains fifty rooms. It probably cost \$75,000 to build, and it could be rented to-day for \$50 a month. Adjoining it is another residence which is still larger. It is occupied at a rental of \$35. On the hill behind me are the foundations of a Russian cathedral, which, if completed, would be as large as any church building in the United States. It was about ready for the walls when the war occurred, and it was stopped forever. A new hotel, which had been erected in the old city, was turned into a hospital during the siege. It is now the property of the Japanese Red Cross Society and is used as a hospital for the Japanese.

The Japanese officials occupy many of the Russian public buildings. The civil offices of the Manchurian government are in a gray structure in the new town; the military department is in a white building farther back, and the Russian naval offices, which covered an acre or so, are to be turned into a Japanese military academy.

Do You Realize?

That despondency in women is a mental condition often traceable to some distinctly female ill!

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Here are two such letters—read them—they are genuine and reliable.

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I had suffered with female troubles so long that I was discouraged. I had given up all hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It restored my health and I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 1938 Lansdowne St., Baltimore, Md.

Rockland, Me.—"I was troubled for a long time with pains in my back and side and was miserable in every way. I had doctored until I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. I read a testimonial about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it.

"After taking three bottles I never was so well in my life. I am recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all my friends."—Mrs. Will Young, 6 Columbia Avenue, Rockland, Me.

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Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



The hotel in which I write this letter is the once famous restaurant known as Saratoff's, where the Russian officers gambled away thousands of rubles and drank their vodka. It has the same billiard table, but the vodka has disappeared, and a Japanese bartender dispenses saké instead. Japanese girls wait upon you in the dining-room, and Japanese boys act as your chamberlains. The hotel belongs to the South Manchurian Railway, which is now a Japanese corporation, and it has become a most orderly place.

Grand Pianos for \$25. I had to take this evening with an official who was here when Port Arthur fell. He tells me that the Russians were crazy to get away, and that furniture of every kind went for a song. Said he: "Sofas, tables and chairs could be had for the asking, and grand pianos brought \$25 apiece. Costly hangings were thrown out into the streets, and some of the houses were set fire to by their owners. After we took possession of the city, we found many books there were given me in detail of soldiers to bring them in. We collected altogether about 21,000 volumes. The most of them were in Russian, but there were French and English. Several hundred were in Italian, and some Chinese and Japanese. There were nine sets of encyclopedias, all Russian or German, and a great many musical books.

"I tried to catalogue them, classifying them first by languages, and later by subjects. The most of the volumes were fiction, but there were many translations of Shakespeare and Dickens, and also of Mark Twain's 'Innocents Abroad.' The Russians had every luxury here. They lived well and at the close even better than we Japanese, for by the terms of our capitulation we gave them fresh meat, although we were living on canned stuffs ourselves. Nevertheless we could not satisfy them."

Old Port Arthur vs. the New. The Port Arthur of to-day was far different from that of Japan. In the old days there were soldiers everywhere. Military officers, dressed in big caps and long coats, swaggered through the streets. There was a large garrison, everything was booming and money and drink flowed like water. A circus building was erected in which all sorts of shows were held, and there were famous cafes and restaurants. To-day the circus has been turned into a bazaar, and about two score Japanese women sell all sorts of goods at the booths within it. The soldiers have disappeared. The Japanese have only one regiment here, and nothing like as many troops as there were before. In the towns of Korea or even Japan,

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As far as business is concerned, the city is dead. It consists of about 5,000 Manchurian Chinese, and the military and civil officials of the Japanese government. The Chinese are poor. I see full-grown men going around with baskets on their shoulders picking up the droppings of manure from the streets. When a man's wages for a whole day are equal to a half bushel of such stuff, he must be poor indeed. The Chinese do the rough work of Port Arthur. Many of them are now engaged in getting out the blocks of stone with which the Russians sank their public schools. They knew that Port Arthur must fall. More than thirty ships were destroyed in that way; some thousand stone blocks being used for the purpose. The Japanese are sending them back home for their public schools. One will be erected as a monument in each playground to keep alive the memory of the heroes of Port Arthur.

"Will your people continue to hold Manchuria and Korea?" I asked this question of a high Japanese officer. "Yes," was the emphatic reply. "We shall hold on to Korea as long as there is a bone left in a soldier's leg to stand upon the soil. We are in Manchuria to stay, and we will not let go. We will allow either the Chinese or Russians to drive us away."

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